

GUNNER DEPEW

By
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Member of the Foreign Legion of France
Captain Gun Turret, French Battleship Cassard
Winner of the Croix de Guerre

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CHAPTER XXIII—Continued.

It certainly was hard, when the next day came, to give up your whole ration and go without that day. But I never saw a man hedge, or even speak of it. And we did not have any food pirates among us either: we were not captains of industry by any means.

There were times when some of us could not eat certain of our rations. For instance, many and many a time I was as hungry as anybody could be, and I wanted to eat my bread, but it seemed as if I could not get it into my mouth. Then I would trade it with someone else for his "shadow soup" or his barley coffee.

We were dying every day in Brandenburg and after each death the senior men of that barracks would detail twelve of their number to go out for half an hour and dig the grave, while others made little crosses, on which they wrote or carved the man's name, when he was captured, and his regiment or ship. In the middle of the cross were always the letters, R. I. P.—Rest in Peace.

One time we were ordered to report to the German doctors for a serum treatment of some kind—to receive an injection, in other words. There was no choice about it this time, as we were simply herded together to the hospital barracks. Now, I knew what these things were like and how brutal the German doctors were in giving an injection, so I wanted to be the very first man and not have to witness the other men getting theirs.

So I pushed up to the head of the line, with the crew of H. M. S. Nomad, who had been captured in the Jutland battle, and by the time we got to the hospital was the very first man in line. But the sentry threw me back and there were several men ahead of me.

Each of them bared his chest and the doctors slashed them across the breast with a very thin knife, so you can see that it was very painful. When it came to my turn they slashed me three times in the shape of a triangle just to one side of the breast. And that was all there was to it—no injection, nothing, on the knife that I could see.

Now, I do not know what the idea was. Every man of us was dizzy for the rest of the day and could not do anything but lay around the barracks. And hardly any of us bled a drop, though the gashes were deep. I do not think we had any blood in us to run, and that is the truth of it. It was just another German trick that no one could explain.

One day a war correspondent named Bennett, from a Chicago paper, came to the camp and went through all the barracks. When he came to our barracks I told him I was an American and asked for the news. Instead of answering he began to ask all sorts of questions. Finally, after I had told him I had been in the French service, I asked him if he could help me in any way. He answered that I had only myself to blame and that it served me right if I had been in one of the allied armies.

I did not like his looks much and he seemed unfriendly, but when he began smoking a cigarette it almost drove me crazy and I could not help asking for one. He refused me and said I should have stayed in my own country, where I could have had plenty of cigarettes.

After a while he threw away a cigarette stub and not only I but three or four others who were near made a dive for it. A man named Kelley got it—a crazy man who went around trying to eat wood and cloth and anything he could find.

When my three weeks were up and I had not heard from Mr. Gerard I was just about ready to go down to the lake and pick out a vacant spot and



They Slashed Me Three Times.

I lay down in it. I really do not think I could have lasted two weeks longer. And just about that time, as I was walking back to barracks one day, a Frenchman showed me a German newspaper, and there in large type on

the top of the first page it said that Mr. Gerard had left the country, or was getting ready to leave. They had to drag me the rest of the way to the barracks and throw snow on me before I came to.

[Gunner Depew's interview with Mr. Gerard took place at the Dulmen prison camp on or about February 1, 1917. On February 3, our state department demanded the release of sixty-two Americans captured on British vessels and held as prisoners in Germany. On the same day, President Wilson severed diplomatic relations with Germany. Ambassador Gerard left Germany exactly one week later. The newspaper that Gunner Depew saw must have been issued after February 10. It was not until March 9, 1917, however, that Gunner Depew was actually released from Brandenburg.—Editor's Note.]

I do not know what happened during the next few days.

But a week or so later the Spanish ambassador and four German officers and Swatts came to our barracks and the ambassador told me I would be released! It was all I could do to keep from fainting again. Then Swatts asked me in English if I had anything to say about the treatment in the camp, and I began to think maybe it was a frame-up of some kind, so all I said was, "When will I get out of here?" and he said, "Why, you will be released tomorrow."

I did not wait to hear any more, but rushed into the barracks again, singing and whistling and yelling as loud as I could. The boys told me my face was very red and I guess what little blood I had in my body had rushed to my head, because I could hardly walk for a few minutes.

Then the men began to think I was crazy, and none of them believed I would really be released, but that I was going to be sent to the mines, as so many were. But I believed it, and I just sat there on my bunk and began to dream of the food I would get and what I would eat first, and so on.

I did not sleep that night—just walked from barracks to barracks until they chased me away, and then walked up and down in my own barracks the rest of the night. When I got to the Russian barracks and told the two doctors my news, they would not believe me at all, although they knew there had been some important visitor at the camp.

But when I walked out of their door I said, "Dobra vetshar," which means "Good night!" Then they must have believed me, for they called me back, and all the men gave me addresses of people to write to in case I should get away.

They were all talking at once, and one of the doctors got very excited and got down on his knees with his hands in the air. "Albert," he said, "if you have the God-given luck to get out of Germany—not for my sake, but for the sake of us who are here in this hell-hole, promise me you will tell all the people wherever you go what they are doing to us here. Tell them not to send money, for we can't eat money, and not meat—just bread, bread, bread!"

And when I looked around all the men were sitting on their beds crying and tearing their hair and saying, "bread, bread, bread," over and over again. Then each tried to give me something, as if to say that even if they did not get out, perhaps their button or belt or skull cap would get back to civilization.

When I left their barracks I began to cry, because it did not seem possible that I was going away, and already I could see them starving slowly, just as I had been starving.

The next morning a sentry came to my barracks, called out my name and took me to the commander of the camp. They searched me, and then drilled me back to barracks again. Then the men all thought they were just playing a joke on me, and they said so.

The same thing happened the next day, and when one of the men said that probably I would be slammed up against a wall and shot, I began to feel shaky, I can tell you.

But the third morning, after they had searched me, the commander said, "Well, you'll have to have a bath before you leave the country," and I was so glad that I did not mind about the bath, although I remembered the last one I had, and it did not agree very well with me. After the bath, they drilled me out into the road.

There were four sentries with me, but not Swatts, nor did I see him anywhere around, for which I was sorry. But all the boys came down to the barbed wire, or to the gate, and some were crying, and others were very much excited. But after a minute or two they got together again and the last thing I heard was the song about packing up your old kit bag, and then, "Are we downhearted?—No!" They were certainly game lads.

They did not take me straight to the station, but took me through all the streets they could find, and as usual, the women were there with the bricks and spit. But I did not mind: I was used to it, and besides, it was the last time. So I just grinned at them, and thought that I was better off than they, because they had to stay in the hole called Germany.

I was still half naked, but I did not mind the two-hour wait on the station platform. I noticed a little sign that read, "Berlin 25 miles north," and that was the first time I had much of an idea where Brandenburg was.

When we got into the compartment and I found that the windows were not smashed I could not believe it at first until I remembered that this was not a prisoner train. We had a forty-eight hour ride to Lindau, which is on the Lake of Constance, and no food or water in that time. But still I did not mind it much. At Lindau they drilled me into a little house and took away all the addresses that I had, and then marched me over to the little boat which crosses the lake.

As I started up the gangway the last thing I received in Germany reached me—a crack across the back with a rifle!

The women and children on the dock had their fists up and were yelling, "American swine!" But I just laughed at them. And when I looked around the boat and saw no German soldiers—only Swiss civilians—I rubbed my eyes and could not believe it. When they gave me bread, which was what I had decided I wanted most of all back in the camp, I thought I was in heaven sure enough, and when, forty-five minutes later, we arrived at Rorschach in Switzerland, I finally knew I was free.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Back in the States.

After I arrived at Rorschach I was taken to a large hall, where I remained overnight. There were three American flags on the walls, the first I had seen in a long time. I certainly did a fine job of sleeping that night. I think I slept twice as fast to make up for lost time.

In the morning I had a regular banquet for breakfast—eggs, coffee, bread and a small glass of wine. Even now, although I never pass up a meal, that breakfast is still easy to taste, and I sometimes wish I could enjoy another meal as much. But I guess I never shall have one that goes as good.

After breakfast they took me out on the steps of the hall and photographed me, after which I went to the railway station, with a young mob at my heels. It reminded me a bit of Germany—it was so different. Instead of bricks and bayonet jabs, the mob gave me cigarettes and chocolate and sandwiches. They also handed me questions—enough to keep me busy answering to this day if I could.

I got on the train to Zurich, and at every stop on the way there were more presents and more cameras and more questions. At St. Gallen they had cards ready for me to write on, and then they were going to send them to anybody I wished. The station at Zurich was packed with people, and I began to think I was a star for sure.

Francis B. Keene, the American consul general at Zurich, and his assistant, were there to meet me. We walked a few blocks to his office, and all the way the cameras were clicking and the chocolates and cigarettes piling up until I felt like Santa Claus on December 24th. After a little talk with Mr. Keene, he took me to the Stusselhof hotel, where my wounds were dressed—and believe me, they needed it.

The Swiss certainly treated me well. Every time I came out on the streets they followed me around, and they used to give me money. But the money might just as well have been leather or lead—I could not spend it. Whenever I wanted to buy anything the shopkeeper would make me a present of it.

I also visited the Hotel Baur au Lac, the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harold McCormick of Chicago, who are doing such fine work with the Red Cross and are looking after the Belgian and French refugees in Switzerland. It was a dinner, and much appreciated by one guest, at least. I need not mention his name, but he ate so much that he felt ashamed afterward.

I do not think he got in bad for it, though, for afterward Mr. and Mrs. McCormick each gave him a valuable present, which he needed badly. After the dinner Mrs. McCormick made a little patriotic speech, in which she said that the Huns would never trample on the United States flag, and some other things that made all the Americans there very proud, especially Mr. Keene and myself. So you see I was having a great time.

But I was having a little trouble, all the time, for this reason: there were quite a few Germans interned in Zurich, and they went about in uniform. Now, when I saw one of these birds and remembered what had been happening to me just a short time before my hands began to itch. Believe me, it was not "good morning" that I said to them. I enjoyed it all right; they were not in squads and had no arms, so it was hard to hand, and pie for me.

But Mr. Keene did not like it. I guess, for he called me to his office one morning and bawled me out for a while, and I promised to be good. "You're supposed to be neutral," he said. And I said, "Yes, and when I

was torpedoed and taken prisoner, I was supposed to be neutral, too." But I said I would not look for trouble any more, and started back to the hotel.

But no sooner was I underway than a Hun private came along and began to laugh at me. My hands itched again, and I could not help but slam him a few. We went round and round for a while, and then the Hun reversed and went down instead. Mr. Keene saw us, or heard about it, so he told me I had better go to Berne.

So off I went, with my passport. But the same thing happened in Berne. I tried very hard, but I just could not keep my hands off the Germans. So I guess everybody thought it was a good thing to tell me good-by—anyway I was shipped into France, going direct to St. Nazaire and from there to Brest.

I made a short trip to Hull, England, with a letter from a man at Brandenburg to his wife. She was not at home, but I left the letter and returned to France. I was in France altogether about three weeks, and then went to Barcelona, Spain.

Then I took passage for the States on the C. Lopez y Lopez, a Spanish merchantman. We had mostly "Spigs" on board, which is navy slang for Spaniards. Almost every one of them



The Swiss Certainly Treated Me Well had a large family of children and a raft of pets. We sailed down through Valencia, Almeria, Malaga, Cadiz, and Las Palmas in the Canary islands. When we left Las Palmas we had a regular menagerie aboard—parrots, canary birds, dogs, monkeys and various beasts. The steerage of that boat was some sight, believe me.

We had boat drill all the way across, of course, and from the way those Spigs rushed about I knew that if a submarine got us the only thing that would be saved would be monkeys. But we did not even have a false alarm all the way over.

I arrived in New York during the month of July, 1917—two years and a half from the time I decided to go abroad to the war zone to get some excitement. I got it, and no mistake. New York harbor and the old Statue of Liberty looked mighty good to me, you can bet.

So here I am, and sometimes I have to pinch myself to be sure of it. I certainly enjoy the food and warmth I get here, and except for an occasional pro-German I have no trouble with anybody. My wounds break open once in a while, and I am often bothered inside, on account of the gas I swallowed. They say I cannot get back into the service. It is tough to be knocked out before our own boys get into the scrap.

But I do not know. I am twenty-three years old, and probably have a lot to live for yet. I ought to settle down and be quiet for a while, but comfortable as I am, I think I will have to go to sea again. I think of it many times, and each time it is harder to stay ashore.

THE END.

Marmoset's Rival.

Mrs. Ellen Walker of Philadelphia keeps as her mascot a land turtle which she has had for twenty-five years, since it first wandered into the yard of her home. The turtle is carried with her on all her travels in a basket made for the purpose. During the summer it spends its time in the garden at the Walker home. In the winter it is kept in the basement.

His Former Occupation.

The customer in the barber shop suffered in silence a long while, but there are limits to patience even in such places. He asked: "What made you take to haircutting?" The barber blandly replied: "Good money sir. Pays a sight better than hedge trimming, which was my last job."—London Answers.

Defying the Coal Man.

Pneumatic regulation of the temperature of residences is provided by a new thermostat that switches electricity to a motor to open or close drafts in the heating apparatus.

The Coming World Ruler

By REV. B. E. SUTCLIFFE
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TEXT—The government shall be upon his shoulder.—Isa. 9:6.

The One mentioned in the text is none other than the coming Prince of Peace, the King of kings and the Lord of lords, Jesus Christ, who is to be the ruler of this world and who will reign as King. The ancient idea that a king was the patriarchal father, friend and guardian of his people pertains to this Coming King.



There are four marks of his kingship. I. He has absolute authority. There is no such thing as limited monarchy, much less democracy, about the kingship of this Coming One. He will be no mere figurehead, as some of the kings of our day. The second chapter of this prophet Isaiah declares he will judge between the nations. All international questions will in his day be referred to him and from his decisions there will be no appeal. This is in accord with the ancient idea of kingship, but with the difference that where other kings were subject to error and made mistakes there will be no errors or mistakes in the exercise of authority by the Prince of Peace. Ruling in the supreme authority given him by God and ruling with the glory of God as the one motive of all his acts, there will come under this beneficent king the full blessedness on earth for which man has waited so long.

II.—He will have supreme power. There have been and there are today kings who have authority but lack the power to exercise it. This Coming One will have all power for the full and proper exercise of his authority. None will be able to turn him aside from his decrees, nor will any be able to make his decrees null and void. Even some who will be disposed to resent his authority will, because of his power, bow to his decrees. Ruling as he will, wholly for the glory of God, means that all selfish exercise of power will be done away, and those who would feather their own nests by oppression will find their occupation gone. This would cause war to be heard were it not that this Ruler has all power to enforce his decrees. As all his decrees are calculated to bring supreme blessing to all men it is little wonder that his coming is awaited by many with eagerness and delight.

III.—He will provide certain protection. The ancient king was charged with the guardianship of his people, who looked to him to guard them from their enemies. This Coming King will afford such protection for his own that none will make them afraid, but all will dwell in security and peace. In his day every man will dwell under his own vine and fig tree, no oppression of the weak will be found, and no unfair advantage whereby one may grow rich at the expense of another will be allowed throughout the world. Man will then have a chance to come to his full development, with no fear of sudden destruction of himself or of his plans. There will be protection from wars and rumors of war, protection from the criminal and the lawless, and protection from all evil save only that which individual men and women will desire to carry within themselves. Certain protection will be afforded by the unlimited power and absolute authority of the Coming King against all the machinations of evil and the unrighteousness of men.

IV.—He will bring full provision for his people. The ancient king was looked to by his people to provide all necessary provision, and his people's needs were his sacred charge. Like a father he was supposed to provide for his own people as though they were his children. So this One who is coming will provide for his own all things required to make contentment the rule throughout the world. In his reign the waste places will bring forth, the wilderness will blossom as the rose and the dry lands will become fruitful fields. The cry of hunger will never be heard and famine will only be remembered as a nightmare of days gone by. With fullness of bread there will be the full knowledge of the Lord, for his knowledge will cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

In the midst of all the strife and suffering of today the above sounds like some dream impossible of fulfillment. But the word of the Lord has declared it, and his word is settled forever in heaven. Every jot and every tittle of what he has written is sure of full realization, and the signs of the times give every encouragement that the coming of the Great King is not far off. In the midst of the distress of nations and the fear of what is coming on the earth, it is well to comfort our hearts with the assurance that in God's good time he will bring forth his king, who will give to all the tangled threads of life and all the chaotic conditions of the world a divine order and a blessed rule for all peoples.

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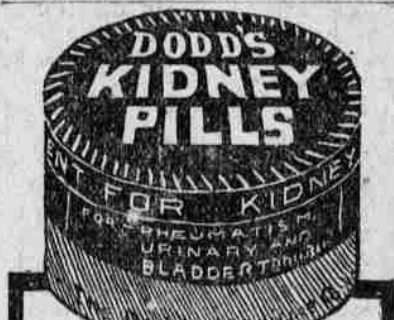
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Weekly Health Talks

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BY DOCTOR CRIPPS.

It has always seemed to me that Dr. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., should be placed near the top when a list of America's great benefactors is written. He studied and conquered human diseases to a degree that few realize. Whenever he found a remedy that overcame disease, he at once announced it in the newspapers and told where it could be bought at a small price. He did not follow the usual custom of keeping the ingredients secret, so that the rich only could afford to buy the medicine, but openly printed the name of each root and herb he used. And so today the names of Dr. Pierce and his medicines are widely known, and they stand for better health and better citizenship.

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